North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him;
Rosse He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyd the storme,
Wee see the winde sitte sore vpon our sailes,
And yet wee strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse We see the verie wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I espie life peering, but I dare not say,
How neare the tydings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.
Rosse Be confident to speake Northumberland,
Wee three are but thy selfe, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittanie receiude intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Rainold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittaine
With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland,
If then wee shall shake off our countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broking Pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But if you faint, as fearing to doe so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it, yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twentie shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your lords departure weep not, more is not seen
Or if it be, tis with false sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.